

A

ROYALL
LOYALL
POEM.

LONDON

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Stoping and the Mating of the
Males in the Pupa Stage



A Royall Loyall
P O E M.

AL L hayle Great K I N G, whom
Gods Almighty hand,
Hath in great Streights preserv'd by
Sea and Land ;
And hath kept firm thy Loyall Sub-
jects hearts,

Rejoycing in oppressions dyrest smarts :
And that thy Foes the vast Worlds wonder cease
Their tumultuous waves, and sue for Peace :
What can eclips our joyes so bright, so high,
Settled on th' Basis of Divinity :
For here's no new Usurper to make good
This treasonable Claym through streams of blood :

Sparing no English Subjects to maintain
 The profuse Ryon in his Rebellious raign ;
 No h[er]e not able to support the weight
 Of Government either of Church or State :
 Nay, here is no pretender to the known
 Right Great *Charles* hath to his three Kingdoms
 No worthy Gentleman doth envy that (Crown :
 Our high born Prince should have command of what
 His birth-right gives him, here's none thinks that he
 Could rule so wisely as his *Majesty* ;
 Here's no contention, onely to outv.
 Each in brave acts of liberality,
 Amazing all to see, our widdowed Land
 Espous'd to joy so soon, by a *Monk's* Hand.
 Presents on Presents pass by faithfull hearts ;
 Not equall to My mind nor his deserts :
 And these from loyall, Royall, Soules whom guilt
 Had never stain'd, of blood unjustly spilt.
 Had *Fleetwood*, *Baxter*, *Haslrig*, and *Vane*,
Tichbourn and *Ireton*, with that cursed trayne
 Disgorg'd theyr full cram'd chests unjustly gor,
 And then like *Judas* hang'd themselves, t had not
 Been half so wel. No : let them dying live,
 And perish by degrees : let Justice give
 Them but their due: How will their concience gripe
 Their perplexed Soules ? And when growa ripe,

For

For vengeance, let tortures lead them to the Tree,
Where this accursed fruit may hanged be;

Too tedious here to read their Elegy.

Oh when to Oliver they tidings bring
Of their fall'n State, and Glories of our King,
How will his hot Nose swell, and Bradshaw call,
And curse each other for each others fall?
There let them curse and howle with hideous yells,
Whilst we with Boné-fires, shouts, and ringing Bells,
Heighten the hatred that their Quaking friends
Conceal, if possible, for Politick ends:
And that will damn them too, whilst safely we
May pray for Charles our King and Progeny,
And drink a hearty cup to th Generall,
Who bravely, justly, wisely fool'd them all.
And with one word Phanatick struck them dumb,
Some simply ask'd if it were Scotch, and some
Whispered ift not Spanish, some Greek, but most
Sayd he was mistaken and would have it crost
Out, and put in Fantastick, Schismatick,
Or Anabaptist, Brownist, Heretick,
Shaking Sir Harry Vane's fift Monarchy,
Or weeping Fleetwoods quaking Anarchy,
H. Martins Adamites, Independents,
Sawcy Lay-Elders, Super-Intendents,

Any

Anything or all but that one strange word,
 Coyn'd with an angry Stamp should all afford,
 That Oliver or Lambert in their breast
 Contain'd, troubles them more then all the rest,
 Making their *Chimera* reformation,
 Ridiculous and out of fashion ;
 And names of *Common-wealth* and *Nation* turn'd
 To the right style, *Kingdom*, which long hath mournd,
 Commanding reverence to Gods holy Word,
 Read in the Church, by them so much abhord :
 When Preach'd by none but Orthodox Divines,
 Whose life together with the Words light shines :
 Now Subjects large Estates so long detain'd
 From the right Owners, shall by *Right* be gain'd :
 And Universities and Innes of Court,
Englands great honour in the Worlds report,
 Pestred so long with Sons of the Committee,
 Excize-men, Captains, or at best some City (planted,
 Heyres : shall with Knights and Squires Sons be
 And the Grave *Benchers* who long have wanted,
 An Audience fit for *Readings*, now rejoice,
 To employ their wits & wealth for th' Publick voice,
 When *Magna Charta*, the known Lawes of th' Land,
 Is spoke and writ in the old Tongue and Hand,
 That it would prove a good Monopoly,
 To teach Masters and Clarks their *J.S.C.L.*.

When

When our new coyne (all that was mine is gone)
 Shall bear the Kings Face and Superscription ;
 When noble *Spain* shall bring her Indies wealth
 Unto our *King*, wishing him peace and health ;
 All Princes fearing our *Kings* potent Strength,
 Shall court him to an Union : At length
 I fear the *Gentile* and unbelieving *Jew*,
 To be receiv'd into our Church will sue :
 And then the World will end so soon, that we
 Terrene joyes longer shall not live to see :
 This is not Fancy : for what can seem strange,
 After this great and unexpected change.
 Reader your pardon, for since the King is given
 A Subject for my Pen, I could reach Heaven
 With numerous lines. Somay your Prayers with mine
 For a continuance of his Life and Line.

By

FINIS.